

## The Life Aquatic, Part 3 (Aquatic Giantess TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Commissioned by Jorgamund

*Irshad Khan is a researcher working in a top secret biolab that contains alien artefacts, and obsessed with learning their secrets. But when the funding to her research is cut, she takes matters into her own hands, kicking off a transformation that will leave her utterly changed, and utterly gravid with alien young.*

### The Life Aquatic, Part 3

#### Fun in the Pool

Irshad marvelled at her body as she rotated through the water. For the first time since her changes had truly accelerated, she didn't feel bloated and pressurised and far too heavy. Instead, she felt *elegant*. Her tail took some getting used to, but the Seed of Desire must have imparted some alien instincts in her, because she was able to use it fairly well, the large whale-like fin of her tail pushing powerfully through the water of the immense pool. She was still immense - 9 feet long, at least! - and her belly was huge, even in proportion to the rest of her giantess size. In fact, she looked overdue with twins, if not at full term with triplets. But despite her largesse, she was exhilarated, freed from the confines of the hot tub and able to swim and dive and breathe through the water of the much more expansive pool.

Even the water felt wonderful: it was cool and fresh, connected as it was to the exterior mountain lake. But instead of being cold to her skin, her fattier tissue and soft grey denticle-like exterior warded away any discomfort, so that it felt like she was luxuriating in warm summer water. She moaned loudly as she turned herself over, spinning atop the water like an over-eager dolphin, even if she didn't exactly have the sleek figure of one. Her enormous dome of a pregnant belly rose and fell, splashing back beneath the waves. She was a stoic individual, but no one feeling what she was feeling could be utterly robotic to the joy of sudden freedom. The hesitance and feelings of shame at becoming part-alien, particularly such a large, bloated alien at that, vanished in response to the pure feeling of ecstasy. She giggled as if she were a schoolgirl again, and on a whim she splashed the water upwards with her webbed fingers, drenching Arturo on the side, who was grabbing his snorkel and putting on his swim gear.

"Mmhmmm," she moaned, "Ooooh that's a g-good sight, Art."

It was indeed. The freedom and happiness she was feeling only accelerated and enhanced her growing arousal. She felt unbelievably horny, her alien body practically *begging* to be inseminated. There was no desire to beach herself for the act though: instead she felt a deep and abiding desire to be fucked in her natural environment. It made her smirk, a little in surprise, a little in daring, at how swiftly she'd changed what she considered her 'natural environment.' But it wasn't worth ruminating on: she was more interested in displaying her gravid body in the water before her 'mate', enticing him with her movements. She couldn't say exactly how she knew what to do, but it simply felt instinctual to rotate as she did, allowing him to see her incredibly full breasts flop in response to her movements, and her tail bend upwards to reveal the vertical slit of her womanhood.

"H-hurry!" she called. "I want you inside me. I want you to cum in me."

Art grinned, his own erection massive and throbbing. He wondered to himself if he'd even fit well inside her - she was so huge now, after all - but as far as he could tell, her vulva didn't appear *that* much bigger, and he had a feeling they could work it out. Something about the sight of her was just *magical*, in a way he never could have imagined. He never could have foreseen his old lover would end up like this, a pregnant half-alien aquatic creature, and yet somehow this giantess filled him with desire.

He finished discarding his clothing, and appreciated the gorgeous sight of her one final time before putting on his water goggles and snorkel.

"Okay, I'm ready."

"Finally," she declared. "It's a p-poor lab assistant who's late. Now come here so we can . . . experiment."

He chuckled. "That's a joke worthy of me!"

"I'm not joking. I want you to t-touch every part of me. I need this! The Seed of Desire needs this! Please get that big cock of yours over here!"

It was certainly a big deal if she was using the word 'please' with him, and so with one final, final gaze at her magnificent, whale-like mermaid form, he dove into the water. It was cool on his skin, a little too cool for his tastes, but his movement through the water quickly inured him to most of it. His target was his giant lover, and he swam quickly to her side. Playfully, she pulled just a little further ahead with a great sweep of her mighty tail.

"No fair!" he yelled.

She chuckled in a manner that was a little unlike her. "Sorry! It's . . . I think it's instinct. You have to catch me!"

"Well, that won't be difficult at all. You're only perfectly adapted to swimming! I don't even have webbed toes!"

He attached his snorkel to his mouth, bracing himself for the change, and then took after her. She pulled ahead again, rotating in a circle around him. She revolved in the water

again, her enormous pregnant belly turning over like a mighty rounded glacier. Her breasts trembled as they broke through the water, but he soon dove below it, cutting the corner to get to her. She was much faster than him, but he could more easily stop and turn, or perhaps she was simply letting him do so. He held his breath, and through his goggles he caught her smile almost mischievously as her grey lower half and patches of still-olive skin shifted through the pool. He smiled inwardly: yep, she was definitely letting him catch her. It was all part of her new mating ritual.

Soon they came together, Irshad presenting her immense belly to him. He held another breath as he reached out a hand to stroke her fertile dome, and as he had done previously, he marvelled at his firmness. Its tautness. Irshad shivered in delight at his touch. She reached out with her long arms, placing her elongated webbed fingers around him and pressing Art against her chest. He removed the snorkel from his mouth and gripped her breasts, fondling them beneath the water. They were humongous, soft yet firm, and utterly mesmerising. Her enormous dark nipples visibly throbbed, and he couldn't help himself: he placed his lips in a seal over them and began to suckle. To his astonishment, a milky substance secreted from her, sweet beyond all measure and wonderfully filling. Even stranger, he found his lungs fully replenished, as if her milky produce also contained oxygenated particles that were absorbed into his being.

Irshad's body shuddered in delight as they gently travelled beneath the pool's surface. It was an immense tremble, and Art had to hold on as she powered forth with her tail after a particularly large suck of her left tit. She'd never felt so powerful a feeling in her breasts before: the Gamma Aliens were fortunate to have such . . . sensitive bodies. Even her skin felt flushed and smooth, letting her entire giant body tingle. She felt like a whale as Art pulled away from her breasts and circled over her body, hugging her curves stroking her great tail. But she didn't feel like a whale in the sense that most women - especially pregnant ones - meant it. She didn't feel fat and ugly and immobile; she felt large and powerful and gorgeous, a rare sight to be enjoyed. And so she turned over again, as if placing herself on display for Art.

Beneath the water neither could talk, but they occasionally exchanged glances, her stroking his back with her long fingers, and even running her webbed extension between her thumb and forefinger over his crotch and making his enormous erection throb even harder. The scent of him was in the water, and she couldn't believe how manly he seemed, despite his tall and lanky frame. His scent spoke to some new instinct in her, some new need.

It told her, 'this is your *mate*. He carries the seed you *need*. Let him take you.'

She reached out, stroking him again, but with her other hand she slowly and easily raised him to the surface so that he could hear her. He held to her side like a sailor to his rafter after a shipwreck, and the imagery of it excited her, as if she were his lifeboat. She

pulled him against her breast as she swam backwards on her back, and he caressed her belly with one hand.

“Art, it’s t-time. I need you in me.”

“On the edge of the pool or-”

“No! In the water. It has to be in the water. I don’t know if it’s instinct or . . . it has to be. I want it. God, I’m so fucking aroused Art, you have no idea.”

“Me too!” he responded. He reached up to rub her distended nipple, causing her to groan deeply. A small stream of milk escaped from it, tinged a slight foamy green in colour. He licked it as it spilled down her side. Her other breast leaked as well, and she took an idle moment to squeeze and grope it, biting her lip in response to the bliss. She felt a deep urge to have young to suckle at them continuously, but for now, her mate was all she needed.

“In the water then? Me on top?”

She shook her head, looking down at her beautiful, tiny little man, now easily three full feet shorter than her.

“No, under the w-waves. Take a breath, come up for air when needed, but I want you to cum in me beneath the water.”

Art was momentarily stunned, trying to figure out how to go about it, but his own libido was raging, and the idea of fucking Irshad underwater sounded too sweet to resist. He gripped her shoulder, raised himself to suckle one last time at her enormous, head-sized boob, and drew in as much of that delightfully sweet, oxygen-replenishing milk as possible. And then, with a single nod to Irsha, he clung to her as she dove beneath the water with a powerful flick of her mermaid-like tail.

She used her arms to position him against her, and the two relished the fact that with her increased size, his face was pressed right into her cleavage. Her large breasts floated elegantly in the water, coming together before drifting apart, and slight trails of that foamy green milk leaking into the water like some sort of fey magic. With her domed belly in the way, he couldn’t quite reach her pussy, but instead he gripped her, lowering himself down and kissing her enormous pregnant expanse. He touched her roundness in awe at the alien young they had made together. He wanted to meet them, and the prospect of giving her *more* gave him a vague excitement.

It was a lot less vague for Irshad. She was overwhelmed with arousal, with a deep-seated need to be fucked and further impregnated. Her mind was flooded with imagery of her being even more massively pregnant, her belly a dome that dominated her form, so full and gravid with eggs that the act of laying them alone could take entire *days*, if not longer. It made her shiver, and she became impatient for the feeling of his sperm inside her womb, burrowing into her hundreds of eggs. With her longer fingers, it was difficult to guide him in, but given their size disparity, she could manoeuvre his whole body to where her wet

vulva was waiting. Art didn't take long to find her entrance, because soon he was rubbing it with his fingers, causing further ecstasy. Her entrance was larger than before, and he entered an entire hand, rotating it to stretch her passage further, causing every nerve to light up in delirious bliss. She shook, propelling them further across the pool, and with a spare hand she began rubbing her belly and breasts, teasing out yet further joy.

And then, just when she thought she could take no more, he *entered* her.

She exhaled bubbles through the water as he thrust into her pussy. She had feared she would be too big to accommodate him, but something strange happened after he thrust into her: Irshad's new vagina impossibly *contracted* with rapid speed, clamping upon his member and sucking at it as if it were its own mouth. She seized up, biting her lip hard enough to almost draw blood. She hadn't expected such a strange sensation, but were a woman's genitalia not often referred to as a being like 'lower lips'? Her new body just made that all the more literally, sucking his cock and massaging it in time to his thrusts, undulating against his shaft and licking his head with her own alien muscles. She shook her shoulders, breaking the water for just a moment to give him air, but to her surprise he didn't move, instead continuing to thrust.

Art couldn't believe it. It was like Irshad's vagina was its own living entity, responding perfectly to his cock, its various wet muscles licking and caressing and sucking at it. It was all the best parts of a blowjob and regular sex in one, with the added exotic element of their underwater foray. He still didn't need to come up for air - the slow release effect of her milk meant he'd been fucking her for almost two minutes, his legs spread around the powerful base of her tail. He grinned as he thrust again, and her strange alien passage squeezed his cock, milking it for all it was worth. His balls tensed, ready to expel more semen than he'd ever expended in his life. He wasn't going to last long, but he wanted to drive her over the edge before he came too.

More and more bubbles burst from Irshad's lungs. Still, her gills filtered what she needed, but in her throes of pleasure it was impossible not to gasp and cry into the water. Art managed to hold it in, purely out of necessity, but soon he was reaching out to clutch her dome, feeling its wonderful firmness, the massive mound that contained the life *he* had put into her. She revelled in it also, placing a hand on his, imagining what it would be like to swell up even further with children. She wanted to grow, to change, to become more and more alien, to become a great broodmother destined to lay her eggs on the floor of the lake and birth them endlessly and be continuously reimpregnated with Art's sperm and - and - and - and then it all became too much, and she let out a scream underwater, shaking her head as her hair trailed in all directions. Her hungry pussy squeezed one last time around Art's penis, and finally he gave in to the overwhelming need to cum. His balls tensed, and then he was

clinging to her as stream after stream of his semen poured into her being, right up into her waiting womb.

They held together in that position for some time, him ejaculating into his lover, and Irshad moaning in the water as she received it. Eventually, he had to come up for air, and despite still being in the throes of pleasure, she swam above the surface, lying on the water on her back, Arturo resting atop her. Slowly, he pulled himself out of her. They gasped together, and her vaginal passage drew slowly wider, no longer suckering to his member and drinking up its virile juices. She cooed as she rubbed her rounded belly, admiring its tautness, how it was full with alien eggs and yet possessing a softness at the same time. The Seed of Desire radiated with more energy inside her, and she could have sworn she could actually *feel* herself become further impregnated, Arturo's sperm working to create even more young within her alien, whale-like body.

"MMhhmmmm," she moaned, running her long fingers over her enormous breasts. "Moorre babies. Mmhhmm . . . m-more."

Art pulled himself against her, lying against her dome of a belly, and part of himself wished she was a bit bigger. Perhaps even a lot bigger. He could imagine she would be very comforting indeed.

"That was fucking amazing, Irshad," he said.

She blushed a little, not meeting his gaze as she focused on the wonderful sensation of being further impregnated, of being *filled* with more young, just as the Seed of Desire had changed her body to do so.

"I got a little carried away, but yes . . . yes, that was indeed quite nice."

"Quite nice? I think you would have been moaning to the hills were you not underwater. As it was, it was a good thing I could hold my breath."

She slowly regained her breath, her enormous chest rising and falling, still flushed with a wonderful heat, pressurised with milk she hadn't even realised she was fully producing yet.

"How - oh dear God, I'm still coming down from it all - how did you manage to keep your breath, Arturo? Are you an Olympic swimmer, without telling me?"

"I think the only Olympic swimmer is you now, Irshad. But I'll tell you what happened."

He regaled her with the unique properties of her breasts, even as she held him to the side with one arm so his head was pressed against her right breast. It allowed them to swim on their backs together, even if she was doing much of the work.

"Astounding. You mean to say my milk can oxygenate the lungs?"

"I'm not sure how, but then there's all sorts of things that we didn't know about the Gamma Aliens. How big they were, for example."

“Oh, please don’t start on *that*. I was just actually enjoying being giant for the first time.”

Art just smiled, shifted to kiss her neck as they made it to the edge of the pool. “It wasn’t a joke or an jest, Irshad. You really do look beautiful like this.”

Irshad regarded her increasingly alien, aquatic form. Despite the bloat of pregnancy and milk, of the fatty tissue and strong muscle that made up her tail and trailing fins, she couldn’t help but regard herself with awe.

“I really do, don’t I?”

*Entry 14:*

*I am pregnant again. I just know it. This body’s needs appear to be almost entirely centred around reproduction, and I have been feeling very, deeply reproductive lately. This was intended to be a written record, but as I have grown in size, and am now based in a watery pool which is non-conducive to using ink. This is not to mention that while I still have flexible fingers, the webbing between them and their elongated length makes it difficult to maintain my previous legibility.*

*As such, this record is recorded, and will be of a more . . . personal nature than some of my previous entries. In truth, I find it almost impossible to maintain an objective viewpoint anyway, when I am undergoing a literal transformation into an alien being of the Gamma Species, or at least some kind of half-alien genetic crossover. Regardless, now that I reside in the pool and am capable of swimming through water and breathing underwater with ease, I find myself overwhelmed with a sense of joy that has yet to escape me. I feel free in a way I have not known since the first introduction to Project Gamma years ago, and though I am bloated, enormous, and now grown to the grotesque height or length of nine foot four, I feel strangely empowered. Empowered in my trailblazing, becoming the first human to cross the threshold of another species entirely. Empowered in my aquatic nature, able to dive and swim and nibble at the weeds that grow in the base of the pool - yes, I have indeed found my body capable of processing such stuff. And, of course, empowered by the very reason I undertook this insane endeavour: my enormous pregnancy, and the dozens of young that reside and grow within me.*

*I . . . love them. I do not even know what they shall be, but I find myself caressing my belly, even when I rest on the pool floor close to sleep, and wondering what they will be like. I will be a mother, and even if that means spending my life as an alien fish creature, then that is acceptable to me. I still, after all, have my wits, even if I am sometimes slave to my instincts. Chief among them has been my need to . . . couple. Oh hell, I’ll just say it, to fuck my lab partner and now lover, Arturo. He has professed love to me, and while I give these records only when he is out now that they are verbalised and recording, I confess that I*

*believe I may have feelings for him too. Are they just a result of my new Gamma instincts? I cannot be certain. But it is him my body craves. His presence. His touch. His seed. And in these renewed couplings I feel a certainty that I have been impregnated once again, though with how many more I am not certain. I only know that my breasts are once more fuller, occasionally leaking, and that my womb is increasingly pressurised.*

*I suppose in coming days, I shall find out just how many my dear Arturo has put inside me.*

*I confess I cannot wait to know.*

## **Mating Instinct**

Irshad's instincts were indeed right: the Seed of Desire's effects were still strong upon her body, continuing to mold it into the perfect alien broodmother form. Her belly surged forth in the following days that passed, and at times it felt awfully pressurised, particularly after eating. She would clutch it and moan, grunting as it expanded outwards, inch by dreadful and wonderful inch. Arturo would be by her side, either in the pool or at its edge, giving encouragement while she cried out in a strange mix of discomfort and pleasure. The sensation of growth was incredible, making her thrash in response to its awkward tension upon her body, and yet it felt so utterly, completely *right* to be growing, for her belly to be outpacing the rest of that growth as well. Every inch her belly expanded, ever new egg that swelled into being within her prodigious womb was like a victory. Not only was she becoming a mother, but the world's most unique, most gravid mother in all of existence.

"Mmhmhmm . . . s-so m-many! And yet - oh God, Art, I need more! I want you to f-fuck me again!"

"Are you - are you sure?"

She gritted her teeth and nodded, turning to the side in the pool and squeezing her immense breasts, letting them spill her precious milk into the water. They'd since discovered the milk was not only useful for breathing and health purposes, but it was also a potent aphrodisiac for her linked mate. Sniffing its sweet scent, Art was already getting hard, wanting to ejaculate inside his giantess girlfriend again.

"I need it! I n-need more young inside me! I need you! I fucking want you so badly, my mate!"

It was as good as 'boyfriend' to him, and so soon their adventures in the pool were a regular proceeding, and the effect was that she was only continuing to grow ever more quickly. She had passed nine foot eight soon, and her entire form was swelling. Not only were her breasts obviously larger than her own head now, but they were constantly



producing their milk. Her tail had grown longer, and both of them suspected it would soon expand much more rapidly given its recent development. Strange patterns - like swirls of tiger stripes - had settled over her skin, which was now completely covered in those grey denticles. Her belly and breasts were a lighter tone, her back and arms and tail darker. But those stripes were only barely perceptible.

Her hair was the other thing that was apparently changing. To her surprise, she found that her hair was clumping and fusing together, becoming thicker and flatter. As a scientist, she was quick to discern what was likely happening: she was developing an attractive mane of hair that did not split apart and irritate her vision underwater, all while attracting mates and, from the looks of it, being able to be disguised as seaweed in its colouration and shape. This change brought Irshad a little less joy: she had always loved her dark, Persian hair with its natural glint and soft silken feeling. But now it was slowly being replaced, becoming Medusa-like tentacles that undulated softly outside of her control, imitating seaweed in the water, and draping over her shoulders when not. They were getting longer, and she suspected by the end they might be long enough to drape to the small of her back. Art believed they were "quite beautiful," but she was of the strong opinion it would take some getting used to.

Still, it didn't stop their regular enjoyment in the pool. At least once each day she invited Art to join her, begging him to fuck her, and each time they revelled in the way her alien genitalia suckered onto his penis. It was incredible, the way it was able to tease and stroke and massage his cock to its fullest, her passage sucking him as if giving him an alien blowjob. Which, in a way, it was. Yet before that very action, the two had begun to enjoy experimenting, their foreplay consisting of Art pressing his hand into her depths, even up to his forearm, so cavernous was her alien pussy. He licked and stroked and even used various rubber items that were most certainly not meant for sex to probe her depths, and each time it brought her pleasure to feel stretched, as if her body was preparing to stretch yet wider for birth.

In fact, she was sure that was it: an instinct to test her vaginal muscles, and prepare for the very long process of pushing her young into the world, egg by soft egg. It was a good thing it was so blissful, as with each growth of her body she couldn't help but imagine what it would be like for him to shove an entire limb within her, to slide his hands along her inner passages, to even place his head within her and lick the nerve clusters along her passage.

But each time, when the moment came for him to enter, her womanhood altered to receive him, contracting wonderfully to tighten around his manhood and suck him dry, and draw his manly nectar into her womb.

"Ohhhhh yes! YES ART! DON'T STOP! I NEED YOUR HUMAN SEED! I NEED TO MAKE M-MORE BABIES!"

She was ravenous for his issue, and he was happy to give it, even if the normally calm, down-to-earth man was starting to feel a little worried. His lover was bloating up, not even trying to fight her new instincts, and she had told him more than once that she was certain each insemination was wildly successful, filling her with eggs that would be birthed as her second, third, and fourth clutches.

“I know it s-sounds crazy,” she said, caressing her belly after another copulation, her breasts seeping green-white milk into the water, “but it’s alright. I can f-feel my purpose now. The Seed of D-Desire has - nnggh! Oh, excellent m-more growth - it has changed me, Art. Made m-me into the kind of mother I c-could never have - ahh - dreamed of!”

She knew when she said things like that, that it worried Art. But she also knew that it was oh-so-right. The rush of endorphins when she was impregnated were simply too overriding, and her stoic demeanour dropped whenever her arousal burst through her. But as wonderful as it felt for her, Art continued to become obviously concerned. He tried to get her to ‘beach’ herself more than once, for instance.

“It’s just for a couple of hours! Just to remember what it’s like on hard ground!”

“But that’s not what this body is for, anymore. I literally can’t move on ground anymore, Arturo. It’s not fair of you to ask me that!”

“It’s just . . . you can still breathe air, so surely you can try?”

“With enough adjustment and your help, I can reside in the water permanently. Besides, I’ll have to get used to it anyway. Not like I can change back, right?”

He conceded the point, but was clearly saddened. The music and romance of their first coupling in the pool had left a vivid impression upon him, one full of hope that their romance could blossom, even across the barrier of their different species, or perhaps because of it. But now he feared that the Gamma part of Irshad was gaining strength: sex was less about connection and attraction and romance, and more about simply ‘seeding’ his partner with the young her body craved to grow within it. He loved those times, but it concerned him that his attempt at a romantic date had never come to fruition.

“Irshad, I’ve been thinking,” he mused one evening as he delivered her another batch of fish to consume, which she now did in the pool environment. “Why don’t we skip the sex today? I thought I could bring a projector screen in and let it play a favourite movie. I’ve got some excellent Mexican films stored on my hard drives, but I know you’ve been wanting me to watch *A Beautiful Mind*, and there’s no more beautiful mind than yours of course, so why don’t we?”

Irshad smiled at his suggestion, feeling a warmth at the notion of enjoying a relaxing ‘pool movie.’ The day had been fraught with changes to the edges of the pool to accommodate her - a computer with water proofing adjustments, a set of disposal trays for her trash, and even further garments like the one she enjoyed wearing that he had made

her. But even as the idea resounded in her mind, the thought of spending the evening with Arturo made her horny mind fill with images of being taken by him. Filled by him. *Flooded* with his seed, *by him*.

“Art, that sounds lovely. But I really do feel like my body just wants sexual intercourse right now. Perhaps another night?”

Art frowned, and Irshad could see he was disappointed.

“I’m sorry, it’s just that, since the changes, I have all these new instincts, and-”

“But should you give in to all of them, Irshad?”

“If it means a healthy pregnancy, then yes.”

Art sighed, gesturing out with his hands. “And what if a healthy pregnancy is all you become, huh?”

“What does that mean?”

Art drew close to the edge of the pool, where his giantess girlfriend - was she even a girlfriend? - drew close. “I mean that I’m getting a little worried, Irshad. Worried that these instincts are changing you more than you know. And I don’t mean the giggling and occasional laughter and the smiles I see, you have no idea how utterly magnificent it’s been to finally see this other, freer side of you, this side that’s been unleashed by your changes. But . . . you aren’t discussing the science of what’s happening to you these last five days. Since we, well, since we first *mated*, you’ve been fobbing off my attempts to take your blood, record your heartbeat, scan your womb, observe your genetic code restructuring, so and so forth. It’s like this amazing, way too stoic scientist is just fading before my eyes.”

She frowned, feeling defensive about his statements and yet not able to fully deny what he was saying. “That is understandable, Arturo, but you know that I performed this quite unethical experiment on myself in the hopes of becoming a mother. And that goal is finally being achieved . . . even if the achievement is slightly different than I’d imagined.”

“And that is wonderful!” Art said, frustrated. “Truly, it is Irshad! Even if it’s all very, very odd, I’m glad that this crazy, mad experiment is bringing us - I mean, *you* - a lot of joy. But you must admit you’ve been acting differently. You’re not listening to those audiobooks you asked for, since reading books is a little . . . difficult. You’re not having the long conversations with me that you used to have. You’re not even asking about the outside world anymore, or engaging in the news. I’m scared that you’re just becoming some sort of . . . breeding thing. A slave to your instincts.”

His words rocked her to her core, but part of her railed against what he was saying.

“I’m not going to become any such thing, Art. Is that how you see me?”

“Of course not,” Art replied. “You . . . you know I love you.”

The chamber was silent but for the churn of the water. Art wanted to say more, but the simple act of expressing it, and not in the romantic way he’d imagined would be the

case, simply left him waiting for Irshad's answer. The half-alien giantess placed her hands against the edge of the pool, her round belly pressed against the lip as her tail shifted below. She was momentarily shocked, but his words weren't entirely surprising. She'd known all along, hadn't she? He'd travelled halfway across the country for her, engaged in this ludicrous experiment for her, and made passionate love to her, and not just in the almost bestial lust that had spurned her forth. She knew the younger man loved her, and she supposed she had for some time.

"Art . . . I know you love me. I - I have feelings for you too. I don't know if it is love. I've never been good at that sort of thing, but - but I do care. Deeply. I . . . I like spending time with you. I like *wanting* you."

Her words warmed his heart. He drew closer to her, and her fingers curled around his, eclipsing his hand. She breathed heavily, and he admired the impressive figure of this woman he was so captivated by.

"That sounds like love to me," he said.

Irshad gave an awkward smile. "Maybe. Maybe it is. It's just - there's so much going on."

"I know. I don't want to worry you, Irshad. I trust you, and I know you're learning to trust this new body of yours."

"A body that's still growing. There's - nng - a new pressure already!"

He chuckled. "I just ask that you keep an eye on it. These instincts. Let's not forget the wonderful human that's still in you."

She nodded, still grappling with the words he'd told her, and her own realisation. She wasn't sure if it was love . . . but she wanted to find out.

"Why don't we have that date again?" she asked. "Properly, this time? And then . . . we can have all the sex these instincts are demanding we have. But then we watch a movie together also."

Arturo chuckled. "I'll bring the finest fresh seafood!"

"And I'll bring - what can I bring?"

He leaned down and rubbed her belly. "You just bring your gorgeous, wonderful self, and your babies."

She felt that warm flush again. That instinct that said 'this is my *mate*.' She caressed her belly as well, marvelling at the dozens of soft eggs within her distended womb.

"*Our* babies," she said.

#### *Entry 15:*

*Love is difficult to quantify. Love is difficult to define. Is it entirely chemical? A physiological reaction? The common argument is that arousal is a major component, that is when it*

*connects to eros, the romantic and sexual love between partners. Certainly, I know that I feel a motherly, maternal love to my young. I have yet to meet them, I do not even know what they will look like or be like, and yet I love them. But Arturo? My Diaz? He confessed his love to me, and I have mused ever since. Just saying it out loud to this recorder is so strange to me, as if I am sharing a private secret.*

*It's a little ridiculous: the man is ten years my junior, only in his late twenties! And yet, I'm a giant fish woman who has not officially reached ten feet in length, so maybe such differences are just academic now. What I do know is that he makes me feel . . . comfortable. And to speak clinically, he is a more capable lover, particularly for this new form. My breasts continued to be . . . well, far too large, in my opinion. I worry soon that each will be not the size of my own head but double that entirely. But when he squeezes them, licks them, suckles from them . . . I am getting off track. The point is, he knows how to treat a lady, to be a little wry about it. Even as increasingly large and gravid as I am, he makes every part of me light up during intercourse.*

*More than that, he treats me like a partner should. He is funny - aggravating in his humour, sometimes, yes - and kind-hearted. He is loyal, practically to a fault, and very intelligent. He likes pop culture far too much, but some part of that is endearing to me. And - and I cannot imagine this current life without him.*

*Yes, yes. I do think it really is love. I think I will tell him tonight, on our date. Is it strange to feel so giddy? I'm not used to this sort of thing.*

*End of Entry.*

## **First Date**

Art was excited. Technically, the first date night had actually gone rather well: after all, it had literally ended in hot sex and a lot of enjoyment, which was about the benchmark of what you wanted from a successful date. But with all the distraction of Irshad's changes, her growth, and her new instincts, the romance of the moment had gotten quite lost.

This time would be different.

He didn't feel the need to go so elaborate this time, but he did set up the starry sky projectors and purchase fine fresh seafood, as well as seaweeds. He was quickly becoming the local town fishery's favourite customer. If only they knew what a big fish he had kept away up the mountain! But he made sure to get the ones that Irshad had said were her favourites: it seemed that pregnancy cravings were an interstellar experience, judging from how much Irshad's mouth watered at the prospect of fine clams. He made sure to get extra.

And so that night, they had a date by the water, Irshad in the pool, her tail directed vertically downwards, and Art on a picnic mat by the poolside. On a large tray, a veritable stack of fish had been placed for Irshad. She was utterly transfixed by the sight and smell of it, and she grinned as she breathed it in deeply. Her mouth watered at the prospect of it.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, wiggling a little and causing her light grey breasts to wobble heavily. "That smells *delicious*, Art. Thank you for this! I'm sorry about the, um, delay earlier."

Art chuckled. The so-called 'delay had been yet another growth spurt. Poor Irshad had been all ready for their date - she had even put on waterproof makeup that she had ordered, and worn the gorgeous gown that Art had made for her, the one that still just managed to fit - only for her to experience yet another growth spurt. The two held hands, hers dwarfing his, as she had gasped and swelled in the water. Her breasts enlarged, becoming so pressurised that she whined as great spurts of her alien milk erupted from them in streams through the air. Her belly had grown even more than usual, a fact they attributed to their rabid amount of recent babymaking, and she had clutched her belly and savoured the sheer pleasure of becoming ever more gravid with young. Her tail, however, grew most of all, extending outwards and becoming more powerful, almost serpentine in its flexibility, though it seemed to default to a whale-like configuration. And as always, the whole of her grew. She was now twelve feet at an estimate, though over a foot of that recent growth was her tail alone. And her belly looked like she was full term not with triplets anymore, but quadruplets or more. It was a good thing she was now aquatic, because it would take a miracle for her to be able to manoeuvre herself around on dry ground.

Art just gazed over her form. Now, even in the water by the poolside, she loomed over him while he was sitting down. After all, at twelve feet, she was now basically double his height, and proportionately everything else was twice as big as well, from her arms to her head to her waist - well, that was much thicker, thanks to the enormous fecundity of her alien body, but still.

"That's okay," he said, eating some of his own dinner and drinking a glass of wine, "I'm just glad it happened *before* this little date. Would have been another interruption."

"And I, if you don't mind me saying Art, but you seem rather taken with me when I get bigger."

He spluttered, nearly coughing out his wine. Irshad raised an eyebrow, gave a slight smirk. She was outwardly stoic, but inwardly she was quite gleeful at his reaction.

"Well, noticed that, did you?"

"I am *still* noticing it. I feel a lot better simply being naked these days, but it certainly has meant that my boyfriend continues to gape at these rather large tits."

He grinned. "Well, they are very marvellous."

“And very heavy. And very full. I rather liked being rather lithe, you know. I knew in pregnancy my chest would grow, but these are *enormous*. And I’m constantly leaking - not that I know you’re complaining, Art.”

“What can I say, I’m a red-blooded male! Besides, you didn’t complain when I was on them. In fact, you rather liked me ‘emptying’ them. But did you just call them ‘tits’ a moment ago? Very unlike you.”

She blushed a little, though her grey skin obscured it somewhat. “Well, I thought on a date . . . more colloquial, sexually enticing language should be used.”

“Your robotic language for ‘flirting’ is somehow deeply sexy to me.”

She chuckled, rubbing her belly before grabbing more food to consume. “Well, I’m glad my boyfriend is enjoying all this. I’ve clearly awakened a fetish for giant aquatic pregnant alien women in him.”

“A very specific fetish, but true!” Art sighed, then realised something. “Wait, did you just call me your boyfriend?”

Irshad’s dark eyes widened. She realised she had done just that, twice in fact. “I - I suppose I did. Are you? My boyfriend, I mean?”

“I would very much like to be so,” he said, leaning over to kiss her large shoulder. She smiled softly as he did so, raising a dripping arm to hesitantly stroke his back.

“Sorry, I’m getting you wet.”

“Ha, normally I have that effect on you!”

“Oh, stop it! That was terrible. You and ridiculous workplace puns, Art.”

“Ah, but we are not in the workplace,” he said, withdrawing to take another slice of cheese. “This is a date, remember?”

“Mhmm. And . . . it’s a good one, Art. Truly.” She waited a long while, even as her boyfriend ate. Boyfriend, it was such an unusual word for her. She had never had many relationships, and her stoic nature often came across rather poorly to most men, but somehow this thin moustachioed man ten years her junior displayed more understanding and patience than many twice his age. There was a warmth within her core as more of her babies gestated, and it filled her with a quiet joy that this man would be the father of her many children, whatever that particular future would hold.

“I love you too,” she said. She stated it as if it were the most ordinary, obvious, matter-of-fact statement in the world, and she realised that on some level, it was. A pity it had taken being turned into a giant pregnant alien whale mermaid to finally have the courage to face that truth.

Art almost didn’t hear what she’d said. He was idly talking about some new movie coming out that he wanted to pirate for the two of them, and how he was a little concerned about undercooking the chicken for himself and so on, when suddenly he froze. He lowered

the fork from his mouth, and slowly turned his head around to look up at Irshad's massive form looming over him at the poolside.

"You love me?"

She smiled and nodded a little sheepishly.

"I think - yes, I do."

Art welled up with emotion, and he had to avoid tearing up a little. It had been years of waiting, of hoping this woman would see him the way he had always seen her. And while the circumstance were wildly different from what he could ever have imagined, it was somehow even more beautiful, especially since -

Arturo gasped.

"Irshad, you're glowing!"

Irshad rolled her eyes. "Yes, Art, I am *deeply* aware that I'm pregnant. This body never lets me forget it, in fact."

But Art just pointed, casting his hand over her form. "No, I mean you're *literally* glowing. Look at your skin! Your hair!"

Irshad's eyes widened as she gazed over her enormous, whale-like mermaid form. She was astonished to see that she was in fact glowing: the lighter stripes and spots and swirls that were usually barely perceptible on her form were now glowing in bright strips of white-blue and white-green. They seemed to 'dance' on her skin, like the Northern Lights, shifting and swirling slowly in an ethereal manner. It was astonishingly beautiful and the patterns continued over her belly and back, down her tail, and extended down even to the ends of her fingers.

"Wow," she said, for once at a loss for words.

"Bioluminescence," Art remarked, himself also in awe.

"It feels . . . I'm feeling it now. Like light, warmth on my skin. Sort of tingly, I would say. But nice. It feels nice. A way of catching fish, do you think? Attracting them like a lure?"

But then a familiar heat returned.

"Ohhhh," she groaned, as her nipples distended, and her womanhood throbbed with need. "No, not just a lure."

"Then what?"

Irshad smirked knowingly. She lowered the rest of herself back into the water, and began to swim beneath its surface, slowly and calmly, rotating around to show off her many glowing features. She looked even more graceful and glowing in the water, and when she raised her head above the surface once more she looked at him suggestively.

"Turn off the lights."

Art did so, and soon the only light in the room was the ethereal, alien glow of her body lighting up the pool beautifully. He was drawn to her.



“What is this?”

“Don’t you see it? It’s a mating display, silly. I know you were warning me before, but-”

“Yeah, this is different.”

“Mhmm. But the need is still there. Come mate with me . . . my love.”

He dove in, this time not requiring a snorkel or goggles. Her milk was enough to give him breath, and her glow enough to give him sight. And in the minutes that followed, as the much smaller man swam around and felt at his larger lover, as she fed him with her enormous breasts, and finally they mated beneath the surface, they drove each other to heights they had never known. By the light of her bioluminescence, they experienced something magical.

Irshad was certain his seed had impregnated her far more than usual during their couple. In the aftermath, she floated on her back, the only light on what seemed to be an endless black sea. Art rested atop her belly, his face against her enormous breast, his other arm upon her left boob. They floated in romantic bliss for some time.

It was a perfect date.

But Irshad still felt that instinct to dive deeper.

To nest.

*Entry 16:*

*I cannot tell Art. I love him, but he does not understand the urges I now feel. He was right; I am becoming more alien. I have the urge not only to mate, to become continually pregnant, but also to dive deeper. I have ignored it thus far, but I do not know how much longer I can stand it.*

*There is something I must do, that my body is demanding, but I don’t fully understand it yet. The changes must continue.*

## **First Clutch**

Irshad and Arturo floated together, side by side. The transformed, ever-growing woman had her eyes closed as she shifted her powerful tail up and down. She moved very slowly, allowing Arturo to easily float with her. The moment was heavy, and from time to time, they shared a moment of touching her belly, feeling the life within. She had extended to nearly thirteen feet, and was feeling like a great sea mammal, and doing so with utter pride. Her

bioluminescence was fully on again, and she had slowly learned to be able to turn it on or off at will, though sometimes it flared up instinctively.

“This is nice,” Art said aloud.

“Mhmmm,” Irshad moaned in reply. She adjusted her ‘hair’, which was now completely altered to a series of several dozen sea-weed like tentacles. She couldn’t control them except for small vague movements, but while she missed her black hair, she no longer minded her new hairdo. It suited her new nature, and the Seed of Desire’s changes helped her accept this. Like it was *right*.

“I was thinking . . . perhaps we could go to the lake?”

She kept her eyes closed, but smiled. “That sounds nice. What if people see me?”

“It’s in the middle of nowhere, and there’s no walking tracks. I haven’t seen a single soul out there fishing even though we’ve been here months now. I think it’s safe.”

Her instincts flared. “Yes, that does sound nice. Can you rotate the gate open so I can go there?”

He gave a quizzical look at his love, though she didn’t notice. “Um, now?”

“Mh-hmm. Why not? I’d like the space. Even this pool is starting to feel stuffy. And I miss the feeling of sunlight on my skin, even if I can’t tan my legs anymore.”

“Well, it’s just, I thought we were enjoying ourselves floating here.”

“Won’t we enjoy it even more beneath the blue sky? I imagine it’s a blue sky out there. And besides, I know you’re a bit nervous about if something happens to me, but I think I’m ready.”

Art sighed. He’d been enjoying the moment so deeply, but she was right. It was time. He couldn’t deny her the freedom of an open sky, and the lake was indeed immense and beautiful.

“Okay, my love. I’ll get it opened. We can float together out in the sun.”

“Perfect,” she replied.

But inwardly, she felt a pull. A desire to do something she didn’t quite understand yet.

She *needed* to be able to access that lake.

\*\*\*

Irshad was right: the lake was indeed beautiful. Pristine, even. It hadn’t taken fifteen minutes for Arturo to open the shutter gate that allowed full entrance to the lake. It was a gate clearly designed to prevent trespassers - it consisted of a grid of metal bars in a crosshatch shape, allowing water through - but once open, it was easily large enough to accommodate even Irshad’s enormous, heavily gravid form. The benefits of being an old military defence bunker.

Coming out of the long concrete tunnel into the expanse of the great Olympian Peninsula mountain lake was like . . . coming home. Irshad couldn't describe it. In fact, she was reasonably certain that human words were not possible, only Gamma ones beyond her reach would do. But the massive expanse of the lake was akin to entering a new world, one of endless possibility. Her alien instincts roared with approval, and adrenaline coursed through her system as she dove and swam and curled through the water, descending deeper and deeper before rising up and up again. Fish swam around her, and by that same instinct her bioluminescence flickered on, attracting their attention briefly. So that was indeed a way of hunting. It didn't just attract the fish, they seemed to slow and become awkward in their movements as if . . . hypnotised. The revelation made her grin like a child who'd just discovered they had superpowers.

After what was probably far too much time, she rose to the surface, breaking at such a speed that to Arturo's shock she managed to launch into the air a little, though her tail remained obviously in the water. Still, like a great sperm whale, she caused a magnificent breach of the surface, and he whooped and cheered at her performance.

"That was amazing, Irshad! Well worth the wait!"

She smiled a little self-consciously. "How long was I under?"

"I'd say nearly twenty minutes. I was starting to get a little concerned."

Twenty minutes? She hadn't realised she'd taken that long. But she had felt so free .

. .

"It is magnificent out here, Art. I feel like this body belongs here. The sun is beautiful. I think the Seed of Desire has configured my genetic code to still be able to flourish in Earth conditions."

He nodded as she drew closer to the shore. He had his own little raft set to go, but wasn't using it. "I suppose that makes sense. Everything we know about the Gamma aliens suggests they were masters of genetic engineering and recreation, and that they altered their own genetic code to become adaptable to local biomes rather than changing the nature of biomes themselves. The ultimate conservationists, in a way."

Irshad felt herself warm with pleasure at that thought. To think that she was following in the footsteps - or fin wake, she supposed - of creatures that could have come in so many forms, so many shapes, and always to create the least disruption to a biosphere. It was incredible.

"Something the matter?" Art asked, curious as to what was going through her head.

"No, not at all. I was just thinking how amazing this is. Strange, discomforting and bloated sometimes, but I get to experience something no human in all of history has ever felt."

"I suppose that is special. I'm so glad I get to experience it with you, honey."

She raised an eyebrow, though technically she didn't have so much an eyebrow as a kind of soft 'ridge' now. "Honey? Really?"

"Is 'dear' better?"

"No, not at all."

"Then what?"

"How about just . . . love?"

"Love it is, then."

She smiled, feeling positively buoyant as she gazed into Art's eyes. He in turn also felt that same connection, strengthened further by the fulfilment of a romance that had long gone unrequited.

And then suddenly Irshad's womb lurched, and an intense tightening sensation followed. Irshad clenched her eyes shut and gritted her teeth.

"NNGGHH!! Ohhhhhhhh!"

"Irshad? What's wrong? Are you alright?"

"I - ahhh - I think it's j-just another g-growth spuuurrghh!!"

Her womb twisted again, and this time she noticed that it was a distinctly different pressure to her usual growth spurts. It was located entirely in her belly, and did not extend to her breasts or the rest of her form. Moreover, there was a sharp twinge that descended down to her vaginal passage and vulva. The pressure pushed inwards rather than outwards, and it rolled through her in a discomforting yet somehow familiar manner.

"Aahhh! F-fuck! Oh God! No, I was w-wrong Arturo! It's n-not a growth spurt. It's s-something else entirel-eeeeEEEEEE!!"

She shrieked, falling backwards through the water as her tail thrashed. The pressure increased, and to her astonishment her womb actually *tightened*, contracting instead of expanding.

"What is it? Oh shit, are you - Irshad, are you?"

"I'M GIVING BIRTH!" she cried, gripping her enormously round and heavy womb. She supposed it was only a matter of time before she was ready to expel her eggs, but she still hadn't imagined it would come so soon. "I'M IN LABOR!"

She gave a great groan as the pressure increased. Her breasts ached, full of milk for her young, but she knew it was not feeding time yet. Something in her body told her that it would be a matter of *laying* first. More than that, it told her that she was no in the right place. She looked over to Art on the bank, roughly fifteen feet away. Her beautiful boyfriend was looking more than a little panicked, realising perhaps how useless he was in a situation in which his girlfriend was not only birthing alien babies, but doing so in an environment his own body was ill-suited for.

"What - tell me what to do!" he called.

“It’s - Ohhhhhh - nothing you c-can do!” she managed, lying on her back and floating on the lake. She tried to control her movements, but the instincts were growing yet again. They were telling her *down, swim down. SWIM DOWN!* “I have to go to the bottom. I need to lay them on the lake floor.”

Art was aghast. “Are you sure, my love?”

She nodded through the pain and discomfort. “I’m s-sure. I have to d-do it. P-please just trust me.”

There was a protracted moment where Art’s mind warred against itself. He wanted to help, to stay with her, but he also wanted to trust his girlfriend, the love of his life, even if her instincts were not human.

“Please come back,” he said.

She swam closer, despite the pull of her alien instincts, and kissed him deeply. Her much larger lips enveloped his, and he held as much of her enlarged body as he could, even as her breasts and belly pressed against him.

“I w-will,” she stammered, wincing. “I just n-need to do this. I d-don’t know how l-long it’ll take. Please, give me t-time! Ohhh! I need to g-go! NGHH!”

She gave him one more kiss, before pushing away and diving down into the lake, heading directly for its centre. She rushed through the water beyond the pressure humans could ever stand, down and down to the depths over three hundred feet below. At the bottom, lake weeds and moss-covered rocks abounded, as well as numerous hidden caves and little inlets. She was shocked at how easily she could see, even without her bioluminescence. Her eyes took in so much light that they must have been engineered to do so.

She searched, not knowing what she was quite looking for, racing against time as her stomach tightened more and more. She felt an animal urge to birth her life into the world, a deep need unlike any other. She needed to feed that instinct, and so she swam over rock and weed until she found exactly what she was looking for: a natural cave at the bottom of the lake against a cliff-like wall, numerous seaweeds disguising much of its entrance. A perfect location to lay her eggs. Just the finding of it sent a spike of dopamine to her brain, a pleasure response that tickled her system.

The bliss of fulfilling the first step of her ultimate purpose.

With a flick of her tail she entered the cave. It was dark and inviting, and thanks to her blubbery skin and alien tissue she found it warm instead of uncomfortably cold. The rocks were smooth, and the ground covered in lake weed and other forms of soft plant matter. She knew, somehow, that this was perfect for her eggs, which was good, as she had no time to lose. Already her quadruplet-sized belly (and that was relative to the rest of her, on a normal human woman she would be able to carry two or even three full sized men

within her belly) was beginning to push its contents down into her vaginal passage. She gasped, expelling faint trails of oxygen that she immediately recouped from the water with her gills. The pressure was utterly unbearable, and yet the need to bring life into the world, and even make more of it within her broodmother belly, was too enticing to even think about resisting.

She didn't just need to give birth. She desperately *wanted* it.

And so she bore down, gritting her teeth as she grabbed two small rock pillars for support. Her vagina tensed, its complex, inhuman muscles undulating in a strange fashion. Irshad laid her tail against the cavern floor and twisted her body slightly to the side to give room to expel her eggs. Her belly was on fire, but strangely, it did not hurt in the way she expected. Instinct had taken over in the heat of the moment, and she was flooded with hormones that dulled the pain and heightened the necessity of what she was doing. She rubbed her hands over her gravid belly, sensing the life within, listening to what her body was telling her. She relaxed. Then, with a little strained gasp, she began to push. The effect was immediate: with her mighty push, the contents of her bloated womb shifted downwards, the first of her soft fish-like eggs descending into her vaginal canal. Her eyes went wide at the alien sensation, but soon she bore down, getting into the rhythm of what she had to do. She pushed again, and her muscles squeezed the egg forward, pressing it down her passage in a way that was surprisingly pleasurable. It was not entirely a sexual pleasure, though it did blissfully tease her lower regions. Instead it was, for the most part, an entirely new and unexpected pleasure.

The bodily pleasure of bringing life into the world.

Irshad pushed again, releasing more bubbles as she gasped and groaned beneath the water. Her womanhood parted further as the egg descended. She bit her lip in response to the feeling; it must have been the size of a volleyball. Her instincts told her it was the perfect size: fully developed enough to now grow in egg form within the cave. She bucked her enormous hips, writhing her tail slowly as the eggs continued to part her. It reached her lower lips. Her sex bulged, from contractions and the press of the egg against it. Irshad's heart quickened its beating. She was on the cusp, she knew. The very edge of becoming everything she'd wanted to become. A mother. And not just to one baby, but *dozens*. She was filled with an excitement she'd never known, and driven by that desire to finally be a mother, she pushed ever harder. Her lips spread wider as the first of her many eggs squeezed through her passage, and with a great exhalation of bubbles and a watery moan, her first egg left her. It fell softly to the lake floor, nestling upon the seaweed there. She twisted to get a look at it, even as her belly tensed, ready to birth its next egg into the world.

She smiled, *beamed* as she looked at it. The egg was a translucent purple colour, impressively vibrant. It was perfectly spherical yet quite soft, and within it she could see her

alien firstborn. It was adorable: a miniature version of herself with still-developing features and lighter skin. It was thinner, less bulky, a little more human in shape for the upper torso. More like a mermaid or mergirl or merboy - she couldn't tell. But it was the product of her and Arturo, lovingly made.

"I love you, little one," she said. The water blurred and muffled her voice, rendering it near-impossible to understand, but she'd needed to say it still. She felt it with everything in her heart. The little child still developing had already pierced through the armour of her stoicism completely. If her tear ducts worked underwater, she would have cried. Instead she simply rubbed the egg softly, marvelling at the beautiful, alien life she had made.

She was interrupted by her belly tensing again. Already, despite having pushed the first egg out over the course of twenty minutes or so, she was being made to deal with the next. Irshad smiled. As arduous as it was, at least there was no pain, and her instincts were there to help guide her.

For hours and hours afterwards, she birthed her eggs. Laid them. The burden upon her body was not light, but the changes the Seed of Desire had wrought upon her body made it more than up to the task. She pushed and strained, bore down and squirmed, expelling volleyball-sized egg after egg from her passage. The pleasure was intense, far outweighing the discomfort and physical effort involved. Yes, there was a slight sexual rush to it, but once more it was the sense of maternal victory that gave the greatest physical bliss, the rush of hormones as she created new life. With each egg pushed from her body she felt it, with each push of her muscles, each contraction of her heavy womb, she savoured it. It was an intoxicating feeling, and it felt far greater than any discovery or break through she'd made as a scientist. It was as if she were finally performing her ultimate role. She was a broodmother, a being who created life, and the sensation of it churning and developing within her was beyond compare.

Art could never understand. The thought bubbled up as she pushed her thirteenth egg out from her body, sending another shiver of delight up her gigantic body. Her lover had tried to stop her from doing this, had tried to push against her instincts. Now, she realised he was wrong, and she felt almost a little irritated at her boyfriend. *This* was where she was meant to be. Her entire being informed her of this! It was her role, her duty, her *purpose*. She was a birthing machine, a gravid alien mother destined to make life, to constantly swell with it, and to nourish her babies when they were fully developed and hatched. Her breasts felt wonderfully full, leaking small streams of milk into the water around her, scenting the cave, marking it as *hers* and warding away predators. She relished the feeling, not only of providing protection but in being so utterly large and full. She wanted to grow further, to become even larger. More gigantic. Capable of carrying dozens more eggs at once, *hundreds* if possible.

God, she couldn't believe she had ever been afraid of this form and its transformation. To be human again, if the option were somehow presented to her, would be anathema. She would do anything to remain as she was now, a Gamma alien whose joy was in becoming impregnated over and over, birthing over and over. She imagined her future, escaping through the spring swell of the lake river down into the ocean, and from there growing her new race from the endless fruit of her everproductive womb. She relished the joy of it, and bore down again.

"I l-loooooove thisssss," her muffled voice carried through the water. "I n-neeveerr w-want it to eeeennnd!"

She cradled her womb, rubbing it, pleased by her own gravity. She felt sorry for other women, only capable of producing one or two or rarely three babies at a time. How sad for them, that they could no birth *dozens* at a time, and become even more pregnant and large and round when already expecting! But then, humans were so small, and as a Gamma, she was expected to be so big.

She birthed and birthed, and dreamed of further pregnancies to come. She wanted to grow more.

She wanted her Gamma instincts to guide her.

She gave them control.

\*\*\*

Irshad lay down upon the floor of the cave, coiling her tail protectively around the mound of eggs she had just produced. There were so many, their purple translucent covering glowing softly in the dark. Her own bioluminescence lit up, the dancing pattern on her skin soothing her recently birthed babies, lulling them back to sleep in their eggs. She got the distinct sense, on some primal level, that this was also a form of early education: information on some basic level was being communicated automatically, though she wasn't sure of what yet. Regardless, it was a soothing experience, her first true maternal act after birth.

Irshad was exhausted. The birthing had taken hours upon hours, to the point where she actually stopped to sleep for several hours, her body pausing its labor, only to reinstate it immediately upon her waking - that had been a shock! While she was quite deep in the lake, enough light penetrated outside her cave lair that she could tell she had been labouring for perhaps twenty four hours, if not more. The sun was shining outside again, though it was becoming more dull, as if approaching evening. She had certainly birthed through part of the night before slumbering. She felt utterly wrecked, though while her womanhood was a little sore it didn't appear injured in any way, and the ache was slowly dissipating. Her breasts were also aching, though that was a common occurrence now. She took to squeezing and



milking herself occasionally, just to deal with the excess. Several fish came close to the water filled with the green tinge of her produce and immediately fled. It made her smile - clearly this protective measure was harmless yet effective. It gave her time to rest and simply be with her babies, which was a much-needed catharsis after so much laying. Even with the joy of birthing, the fulfilment that came with achieving her purpose, she still felt the desire to get it finished over the many hours it took.

She wouldn't change it for the world, though. Already, she was rubbing her still pregnant belly, desiring the younger babies within to catch up to their now-birthing siblings. Despite the pressure and arduous pushing and inability to much beyond wait it and push, she always wanted to birth again. Perhaps it was just hormones, or instinct, or a mother's excitement, but she wanted to make more. She wanted more babies. Babies, babies, babies. More of her *young*. It was what her body had been altered for, after all, and she could not deny it

She had yet to count the pile of eggs she had laid, but she suspected it was at least three dozen or more. Three dozen beautiful babies, all in her image. She wasn't sure yet if they would have more human, almost mermaid characteristics due to Art's human influence upon them, or if this was just how they looked while still in early development. Regardless, she was overjoyed to find that they were much like her, and not *too* alien. Not hostile. Not bursting out of her like one of Arturo's awful science fiction films. Instead, there was nothing but an adorable dependence to them.

"Mmhmmmm," she moaned, her body echoing the sounds through the water. She could feel a further transformation taking place in her body, and the more she listened to her form, the more she was able to glean from the Seed of Desire. It was shrinking within her, literally melting into her body as her changes came closer and closer to completion. She felt, and hoped, that she was developing a further way of underwater communication, like the sonic bellows of whales. To be able to properly *talk* to her young beneath the waves . . . it filled her with excitement. She might never have to surface again, except to be re-seeded with more young. Was there anything wrong with that?

Her stomach growled, and she realised she needed to eat. Not just for herself, but for the dozens of young still inside her. She took another look at her gorgeous young, and her heart melted at the sight of them. She would protect and nurture them, no matter what. Protect them from humans too, if necessary. But for now, she needed to hunt. Not simply receive fish passively, but use her luminescence to gain and eat fish the natural way.

She rose from her cave lair, and swam powerfully out of it through the lake, intent on finding food. But she would return to her cave periodically, to ensure her young were safe.

It was her purpose, after all.

Entry 17:

*Mental entry. I will . . . transcribe this later. Record it, or get Arturo to record it. I have birthed forty seven eggs. They are beautiful. They are my everything. I knew that when I decided I wanted to become a mother that there would be a hormonal experience after birth, a rush of endorphins that would help bond me to my child. I could never have imagined that it would feel so powerful, particularly for so many. Despite their number, my care for them is not diminished or spread out, it is only amplified. Each of these eggs with the little lives within them developed inside of me, and now they are nearly the end of their journey - but in many ways the start as well.*

*In truth, I am starting to care less and less for the scientific aspects of this endeavour. Really, it always a smokescreen for my true desire for motherhood, and a desire to return to the Gamma Project. But now I am a Gamma alien, and becoming more alien with each passing day. I have a strong breeding instinct, a predatory nature (though I am also capable of subsisting off of the lake weeds, which I am finding more and more delicious), and many pieces of knowledge of my new nature simply come to me, as if by some form of genetic memory. It is all fascinating, and perhaps the Irshad that was would be hastily recording everything. And I still plan too - I am a scientist still, and so were the Gamma aliens.*

*But the breeding instinct is strong, and sometimes it is all I can think about. I need to nurture my young, and grow more of them. So many more. Hundreds, thousands. I think about one thing and then my thoughts return to this. I ache for it. The young in my belly are not enough. I need to be impregnated even further, and to grow further. I am easily fourteen feet long, but why am I not sixteen? Eighteen? Twenty or more? The urge to grow is still there, to be a giantess of an alien mermaid, and breed ever more young within me.*

*I will return to the surface. I am sure Art is worrying a little after three days or so. Sometimes I hear his calls above, echoing faintly, though I can't quite make out what he is saying, even with my enhanced hearing. I will go see him.*

*But I will have to return to my young, after he has impregnated me several more times. It is what must be done.*

## **Gamma Irshad**

Art was becoming terrified. He knew he had to trust Irshad, but it was three days now and she had not returned. He had returned to the lake numerous times, and eventually left the bunker entirely, choosing instead to camp by the lakeside, even when the weather turned foul and rainy on the third day. He was drenched, and had to get a heavy raincoat and hat, but still he rowed his raft out across the lake and called out to her.

“IRSHAD! LOVE, CAN YOU HEAR ME? PLEASE, COME BACK!!”

His voice was getting hoarse from all the shouting, and he had to take a long drink, suffering the pelting of the rain upon him. The lake was swelling, and he wasn't sure if that would have an effect on his alien girlfriend or not. Certainly, she had seemed so free when she entered the lake, but what would birth for a half-Gamma alien even be like? Would it be painful? Long? Deadly? He felt like a fool for not considering the worst possibilities further. He had assumed that the Gamma aliens would engineer themselves to survive the birthing process, but in truth he had no real concept of these aliens, or what their culture was like. Perhaps the sacrifice of the mother for her young was some sacred act?

The thought filled him with dread, and so he called out again.

“IRSHAD! PLEASE COME BACK TO ME!”

There was, as usual, no response. It had failed so many times, and yet each time he hoped that she would breach the surface like the magnificent new creature that she was, and surprise him with a hundred apologies. A reasonable explanation. A slate of good health and a baby or ten in her arms, already swimming. Really, he wasn't sure how he expected it all to go, only that it wounded his soul to be stuck wondering, waiting, filled with nauseous anxiety. It was true what they said about people who were usually down to earth and calm by nature; when they panicked, it was a lot, and for good reason. Those circumstances, he felt, applied here.

He'd tried other things, of course. He'd unloaded fresh fish into the water, hoping she would smell it. He'd even dived down deep himself, in his full scuba suit and oxygen tank. But there was only so far down into the deep lake he could go without potentially causing him injury or worse, and the lake was immensely vast, like a great caldera of a long-dormant volcano that had since filled up with water. It was, in many ways, an environment that was alien to humanity, something they were not adapted to exploring, even with all their modern technology. He felt those limitations keenly as he searched for her, and it made him consider how difficult their relationship truly was.

“Please come back Irshad,” he whispered, his voice drowned out by the stormy sky.

He waited for what felt like another hour, until finally his stomach growled long and low enough that he recognised the need to go back to the show. It was only when he grabbed his oars and began rowing back that he finally saw her again.

Irshad rose from the surface, even bigger than when he had last seen her. Like a great sea beast rising from the depths, she sent large waves spilling out in a great ripple from her. He couldn't see much of her lower half, but she had to be at least fourteen, perhaps even *fifteen* feet by now. There was a good possibility that soon she would be three times as long as he was tall, a fact that overwhelmed him. Still, his heart soared at the sight

of her: she collapsed back down and began swimming along the rough surface towards his raft.

“IRSHAD!” he cried, overjoyed. So much so that he nearly toppled his own raft. It was Irshad that righted him with a flick of her tail. Her skin lit up brilliantly, her bioluminescence a strong contrast to the grey sky. He noticed that even the area around her eyes lit up now, along with her tentacle-like hair, which was perhaps more brilliant of all.

“Art! I have so much to tell you!” she called. She rubbed her belly as she circled his raft. “I gave birth! I did it - we have a beautiful clutch of eggs in a cave directly in the centre of the lake, near its deepest point. It took *forever*, Arturo! I was birthing all the way until the afternoon of yesterday! And then I had to hunt, of course, which my bioluminescence helped me with. It practically hypnotises the fish, and moreover soothes our little babies. They haven’t hatched yet, my young look just like me. I’m finally a mother, Art. Not in a way I ever expected, but my instincts are showing me everything I need to do to attend to my nest. I spent all of yesterday with them, and even my milk - it doesn’t just provide some form of nutrient oxygen, but also serves as a ward against aquatic predators. Still, I kept close to them to make sure they were safe, and they are there now.”

Art was stunned. Her size meant that her voice boomed over the intensity of the rain, but he feared his own would be lost. Moreover, it was true. She had given birth. They now had strange alien babies - definitely plural, according to her. It made him wonder if she’d even given birth to ten or so: she was looking quite slimmer, though still obviously pregnant. Her stomach did not sag, but appeared rounded and taut, as if it were almost rubbery: able to keep its shape even as it expanded or reduced.

“I’m - wow, uh . . . that’s certainly a lot to take in, my love. Um, can we get out of the rain?”

She cocked her large head quizzically. “But isn’t it so lovely? Ah, it feels like the ocean is pouring down on me!”

She rotated a little, and he couldn’t help but notice that her chest had grown even further, even in relation to the rest of her. Her breasts looked utterly full with milk, no longer bouncing and jostling as much, and her nipples were very large indeed, their wide areola lit up by her bioluminescence in a way that was more than a little erotic to his mind. He had to focus to avoid getting an erection: now was not the time.

“Perhaps, but I’m getting drenched, and it’s ruining my beautiful moustache. Why don’t we go inside and you can tell me everything?”

She slumped a little back into the water, her tentacle hair writhing weakly outwards subconsciously. She was clearly disappointed.

“Very well, Art. But make sure there is food for me. I need to make sure our next batch is growing well. And make sure you’re ready for me in other ways too, my love. I’ll have need of you again soon.”

He smiled, still overjoyed to see her again. But he couldn’t help but feel that her words were less flirty, less romantic than they might have been. They were almost matter-of-fact. She dove into the water towards the bunker pool tunnel, and as she did, he realised she hadn’t said a word about how worried he must have felt.

“She’s just given birth, you idiot,” he said to himself, “and dealing with a crazy alien whale body. Of course she’s not focusing on you right now.”

He rowed fast to the shore, still excited. He wanted to hear about his children.

God, how many did they actually have?

\*\*\*

Arturo coughed.

“FORTY WHAT!?”

“Forty seven, my love,” Irshad answered, grinning. She had never been a grinner, but motherhood had already changed her, made her feel so much more expressive, at least when it came to the subject of her young.”

Art, on the other hand, was feeling positively frantic. “That’s - that’s so many!”

She gave him a flirty smile, and stroked his chest with a finger. “You were very *virile*, my love.”

“And you were so fertile, evidently!”

“And I still am,” she announced, pleased as she caressed her stomach. “My instincts tell me there are many more gestating within me. And many more litters of my eggs to come.”

Arturo gulped, trying to take it all in. It was one thing to become a father, another to be a father to forty seven children . . . and counting. And to know they were nestled in eggs deep beneath a hidden mountain lake. He felt a little faint, and was grateful he had a beer on hand to dull his anxiety.

They were back at the pool, where Irshad had regaled him with the events of her last three days within the great lake. She spared little detail, explaining the labor and birth in that stoic, almost robotic detail that only Irshad Khan could manage, and yet her words were occasionally peppered with an almost giddy, motherly enthusiasm that had come over her as well. She told him not only the arduous yet rewarding nature of her twenty four hours or so of birthing, but also her hunting experience afterwards, the fact that she now dined easily and

happily upon the lake weeds, and the instincts she possessed when it came to rearing her young. Art listened, fascinated, but he couldn't help but wipe away a few tears.

"What's wrong, my love?"

He managed to hold back from breaking entirely.

"It's just . . . I was terrified, Irshad. Fearful you would not come back. Me! I even blasted terrible rock music knowing you'd hate it, but you didn't return. Couldn't you have visited the surface, just once, in order to see me again?"

Irshad exhaled sharply. She hadn't even realised she'd alienated him so. In fact, to her dawning shame, she remembered that she hadn't even *thought* of Arturo following the birth, or during hunting, or when she slept again. She had a number of opportunities over the next day to go up and even leave a note or some sign that she was okay, and she'd chosen not to.

And yet . . . she didn't feel bad about it, and somehow that was worse. She'd done the right thing, by her Gamma instincts. After all, Arturo hadn't been needed yet. Now he was. Still, she had to be diplomatic about it, and ensure he was not pushed away. After all, she needed his seed. She needed to be impregnated again and again by her lover, to ensure future generations of her new species. So instead she reached out a large finger and delicately stroked his cheek, before lifting his chin gingerly.

"I'm sorry Art," she lied. "I'm so very, deeply sorry. I was just distracted. It was all new to me, in many ways it still is. And I had just given birth, and after that I needed to eat and rest. I wanted to see you, but I knew that if I did I'd never stop talking, and I had to make sure my eggs, and my future eggs, were all safe."

"I understand," he said. He stepped up to the edge of the pool, and leaned against her form, which loomed more and more over him. She held him against her pregnant mount. She wanted more than just a huge: her nipples were practically *throbbing* with need for his touch, for him to suck upon, even if he was far too small now to empty her completely as she had relished once before. But more than anything she yearned for his cock inside her as they clung to one another underwater, he her much smaller lover, like a male anglerfish connected to the much larger female.

"I was just worried. After everything that's happened, I didn't want to lose you. It would be embarrassing after all; you're already so big!"

"Oh, ha ha," she said, rolling her eyes, not that one could easily tell she was doing that with her dark orbs. "Though you may notice that I am larger still. I think easily fifteen feet, perhaps?"

"Do you think your changes are finished?"

She shook her head, causing her breasts to wobble slightly, spilling some milk down her front. She was no longer embarrassed of it. Rather, some primal part of her new mind told her it was a source of pride: a symbol of her great abundance and fecundity.

“No. I can still feel the pressures of growth, which makes me glad.”

“Glad? I would have thought you didn’t want to grow any more! You’ll be the Loch Ness Monster soon!”

She sighed, lowering herself in the water so she could face her much smaller lover directly. “I am glad because I am becoming more and more who I am supposed to be, Arturo Diaz. I am becoming a Gamma Alien, a broodmother of their species. It is . . . it is indescribable, how good it makes me feel.”

He frowned, stroking her large cheek. “So long as you are not losing yourself, Irshad.”

“So what if I am? My new self is even greater, is it not?”

“Of course not!” he cried, stepping back. “The woman I fell in love with, whom I admire, is you Irshad.”

“But you love this form of mine.”

“Yes, I - well, I do. And I can’t deny that. But I admire your brain, your mind, your *soul*.”

“And other things. Let’s talk about this later, Art.”

“But I’d like to-”

“You’d like to show me how much you love me, wouldn’t you? If you really want to show your admiration for me, then please, let’s just make love. I want to feel you inside me Art. I’ve . . . I’ve missed you.”

She ran a hand over her enormous breast, which was now almost the size of his torso. It was a cruel manipulation, but her instincts were clear: she had to be impregnated by him. It was only natural. And that meant shutting up his complaints over losing herself, not that they held any weight. Why not embrace her new alien side, when it was so rewarding?

“Are you sure?” he asked. His erection was obvious, and he knew it. In truth, he was incredibly turned on by her presence, especially since he had dulled the lights, allowing her glowing magnificence to manifest. He wanted her, in the last three days he had dreamed of her, masturbated to her, even despite his worries. He had wanted to cum inside her again, and in no small part because her new alien equipment had pleased his manhood so completely that it had given him the greatest orgasms and biggest ejaculations of his life.

“I’m sure,” she said, drawing her webbed fingers down to his crotch, and rubbing his trousers there. He grunted a little, becoming even harder. “I know you’re worried, Art. We always knew there would be some changes. It’s a lot to take in, and I know from the outside it can be scary, but please see it from my perspective. I’m changing, and those changes

would bring transformations to my mind even without these new instincts. But it's still me. You just need to give me time to adjust. Think of me like a new mother, stressed out and overcome with the needs of her children. Then multiply that by forty seven . . . and counting.”

Her words made him chuckle, and deflated his worries. It made perfect sense, after all. And he knew Irshad; she was not the kind to roll over to some alien instinct without putting a stoic analysis to it. The three days by himself had simply made his mind echo the worst of his fears, and now he was projecting them even when they didn't manifest.

“Okay, okay,” he said, “so I'm wrong. I'm glad to hear it.”

“It's not like you to worry anyway,” she said.

“Well, I guess you go a few years without an ongoing relationship and you start getting paranoid when you finally get a hot girlfriend.”

“So you do think I'm hot, still?”

He grinned. “Oh yeah. Or was the raging erection not a giant clue?”

Irshad pulled back, the aquatic giantess gesturing for him to join her in the water.

“Why don't you come into the water, and then come into *me*, and I'll be the judge of how 'giant' you are?”

It didn't take long for Arturo to drop his pants and dive into the water with a laugh. He adjusted his moustache just for good measure, and because it made Irshad groan with embarrassment, and then soon he was swimming towards her.

Irshad smiled inwardly.

Finally, her mate was bringing his seed to her. And then she could descend down once more, until he was needed again.

That was, after all, his only purpose.

**To Be Continued . . .**